

That were his Lackies : I cried hum, and well, go to,
But mark him not a word ; O, hee is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a rayling Wife,
Worſe then a ſmokie Houſe. I had rather lue
With Cheefe and Garlike in a Windmill farre,
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to mee,
In any Summer-houſe in Chriſtendome.

Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In ſtrange concealements, valiant as a Lyon,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *Indies* : ſhall I tell you, Couſin,
Hee holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And cubs himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humor, faith hee does
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſte of danger and reprooſe :
But doe not vſe it oft, let mee intreat you.

Mor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your coming hither, haue done enough
To put him quire beſides his patience.
You muſt needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,
And that the deareſt grace it renders you :
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of Gouvernement,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine ;
The leaſt of which haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaues behind a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am ſchoold, Good-manners by your ſpeed.
Heere come our wines, and let vs take our leaues.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly ſight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeake no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.

Glen. My Daughter weepes, ſheele not part with you,
Sheele

ſheele be a ſouldier too, ſheele to the warres.

Mor. Good father, tell her, that ſhee, and my Au
ſhall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

*Glendower ſpeakes to her in Welſh, and ſhe answers
him in the ſame.*

Glen. She is deſperate heere.

A peeuſh ſelfe-wil'd harlotry, one that no perſwaſion
good vpon.

The Lady ſpeakes in Welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy lookes, that pretty Welſh,
Which thou powreſt downe from theſe ſwelling Hea
I am too perfect in, and but for ſhame,
In ſuch a parley I anſwere thee.

The Lady againe in Welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling diſputation:
But I will neuer bee a truant, loue,
Till I haue learn'd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes *Welſh* as ſweete as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers bower,
With rauiſhing diuiſion to her lute.

Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhee runne mad.

The Lady ſpeakes againe in Welſh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance it ſelfe in this.

Glen. She bids you on the wanton ruſhes lay you downe
And reſt your gentle head vpon her lap,
And ſhee will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the god of ſleepe,
Charming your bloud with pleaſing heauineſſe,
Making ſuch difference betwixt wake and ſleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heavenly harueſt reeme
Begins his golden progreſſe in the Eaſt.

Mor. With all my heart Ile ſit and heare her ſing,
By that time will our Booke I thinke bee drawne.

Glen. Do ſo; and thoſe Muſicians that ſhall play to
Hang in the ayre a thouſand Leagues from thence,
And ſtraight they ſhall bee here, ſit and attend.